

# BLOOD SUGAR

## SWEET AMBITION

by Charlie O'Alley

**T**he princess salivates over her left arm, ducking her nose into the pit. The salted caramel of her apocrine glands... fuck! The nectar of her drool drips, even the organs of appetite are hungry for themselves.

Yet one must live. One must plot.



Last night, above the palace, a ghost-white moon storming with crimson lightning bolts. Her mother's eye, looming with bloodshot veins. Does her mother still care? Or is it her usual cold curiosity, piqued by the confectionary mutations? The princess had an idea for siege equipment, flinging ballista bolts into her mother's iris, but her advisors managed to convince her that pissing off someone whose thumb could crush the palace was a bad idea.

You see the stress of high office? Just a nibble can't hurt. To take the edge off. It was so asymmetric, that flap of marzipan skin. It dissolves sweetly on her tongue. She moans, involuntarily chewing the inside of her cheeks, feels her buccal mucosa slough away in raspberry shreds—

"No! No! Nyooooooooo!"

**S**he falls to the floor, gnawing a candy cane candlestick like a dog with a bone. Materials which were not alive before the transformation lack that salivary quality. Nothing like the warm, creamy, gooey, living sweetness of her body.



The wishing machine was a gift from her mother. A cruel, tricky gift. She knows what an impulsive idiot the princess is. Not so dumb she didn't try wishing for escape, but the wishing machine's scope is confined to the pocket world where her mother exiled her.

It was her birthday, and it went a little like this:



**T**hen the wishing machine exploded. Now she has bones of sugar. A dress made of taffyta. Veins of strawberry jam. The sweetness mutates, demented by the living substrate.



The pocket world warped to reflect her saccharine sickness, linked to whoever rules it, tides swaying with their heart instead of the moon. **ASTRAL BEES** invaded, consuming the world like locusts, carrying sweets to their **ASTRAL HIVE**. In a week, the pocket world will collapse into void.

It's so uncomfortable, waking up in the morning and thinking someone left delicious sweets by her bedside, then realizing she's smelling her own face, an auto-cannibalizing sugar skull. Imagine a full body itch you can taste.

**S**he has elaborate depraved confections made by her **COOKINQUISITIONER** to tempt her appetite away. These increasingly involve living subjects, for no candy is so succulent as that which comes from the living.



The queen must have rigged the wishing machine to blow after a particularly dumb wish. But there has to be a way to fix it. If she can get some adventurers to descend into the **UNDERSWEET**, all the way to the clockwork base of the pocket world, there should be replacement parts.

She still has some meat to her. Her right arm. For some reason it didn't change. Which means it still has the ancient power of blood and bone.

She forgot how much flesh hurts.



But the peppermint saw takes it off eventually.

**S**he found the summoning spell by having the royal astronomer train the observatory telescope on distant constellations of ink: her mother's spell-book.



Ritual of Summoning a Bunch of Dumb Sluts didn't seem the most reliable spell, but it was better than Fireball of Healing and Make Water Feel Emotions.

Etching the sigils in the butterscotch floor takes a long time. She tries to wipe her nectar-sweating brow and just gets blood on her marshmallow boobs, stump wagging pathetically.

She says the phrase of summoning, drooling with each word...





## QUEEN POLLY

**S**he pocket world was made by Queen Polly and resides inside a clockwork cylinder. She sends banished courtiers and condemned peasants there, being squeamish of actual bloodshed. She exiled the princess for being a huge brat, clearing the way for the succession of her more graceful, decorous younger daughter. She toys with her worlds like ant farms.



### QUEEN POLLY INTERFERENCE TABLE (1d6)

1: Her finger strikes the earth, creating massive tremors, property damage, etc.

2: She drops a random object from the big world, it falls like a comet and becomes a landmark.

3-4: She places the pocket world under a bright light to scrutinize it. The land starts melting, travel is treacherous. Pools of boiling chocolate, rains of sugar water crystallizing to hail, etc.

5-6: She inspects the earth with her immense loupe. You can try negotiating with her but must roll STR to yell loud enough. She may be convinced to recruit you as an agent, manipulating and disrupting the pocket world in esoteric ways from the inside to fulfill her experiments. Possible rewards: a needle dropped from the sky to serve as a sword, drowning an enemy in a drop of water, and so on. If you fulfill her quests to the full, she may even save you from the pocket world.



## SPELLS

**Sweet Edge:** Summon a candy blade. It can be eaten for 1 ration or wielded as a weapon, gaining 1 ration for every kill you get with it.

**Naked Ambition:** You must be naked to cast this. For the next ten minutes you assume the appearance of someone of higher status than you, fully clothed if appropriate. Then you are suddenly naked again.



**Marzipony:** Summon one of the ponies of the Candy Pocket World. It will last a day before dissolving completely. Can be rode, carry supplies, and be eaten.

## TREASURES

**Chocolate Coins:** Can pay for goods with these back in the non-candy world with a successful deception roll (roll with advantage). However, the deception will reveal itself when they melt.

**Upside-Down Upside - Down n Cake:** This cake looks like a normal cake. Only you know its topsy-turvy history. If eaten, gravity reverses for everyone but the eaters for 1d6 rounds.



**Garrote Cake:** This cake can change back and forth at your command between a delicious carrot cake and a deadly strangling wire. If eaten, it becomes normal carrot cake.



**"Candy Cane":** Not actually candy, it's a spiraling rod of crystallized blood and glazed bone, made from the remains of previous adventurers. Found in some vicious, feral place. Effect: Cause fear? Stabby? Probably pretty cursed.

## PLACES

The Palace: the princess lives here, along with many of the surviving elites and intellectuals.

Marzipan Farms: The peasants subsist on marzipan turnips.

Saltwater Taffy Coast: The Gummi Wurm lurks the dunes of the vast sugar desert rolling along the coast, guarding sea and sand alike.

Gelato Arctic: Ever want to get diabetes and hypothermia at the same time?

The Undersweet: Molten chocolate fondue pools, treacherous rock candy passages.



Jaggery Peaks: Rough brown mountains split by chasms. Beware Rock Candy Ogres and avalanches.

Clockwork Base: The mechanical base of the world. Plateaus of rotating gears and dense pipework foliage. Defended by Clock Drones.

## HOW YOU GOT HERE (roll 1d6)

1-3: The princess cast a desperate summoning spell and you appeared in a circle of jam-blood. She pressures you to save her from the candy corruption. Beware of jealous courtiers. Starting Location: Palace

4: You ate cursed candies! Escape before the Dread Confectioner wreaks delicious havoc in the world at large, the world that is large. Her hexes may alter monsters in surprising ways. Starting Location: Gelato Arctic

5: You're all trapped in a SWEET DREAM created by the psychic distress of the impending doom of the pocket world. If you can't wake up in time, you're fucked. Creatures from each of your nightmares may manifest. Starting Location: Marzipan Farms

6: Queen Polly's heir died and she needs you to retrieve her last living heir, the bratty princess. However, her scheming advisor has sent mercenaries to find and foil you. Starting Location: the Undersweet



## EATING CANDY

**M**ost candy in this world makes you sick and doesn't nourish you. Only candy that came from something LIVING has nutritive value and counts for rations.

**SUGAR SCORE:** The amount of your body turned to living sugar.

-Give +1 Sugar Score for each day spent in the pocket world, and from anything else that seems appropriate: traps, spells, extreme damage, corruption.



### BODY PART TBL\* (1d6)

1: Eyes

2: Tongue

3: Arm

4: Leg

5: Hair

6: Teeth



### CANDY TABLE (1d12)

1: Marzipan

2: Caramel

3: Chocolate

4: Rock/Hard Candy

5: Bubblegum

6: Lollipop

7: Peppermint

8: Fudge

9: Marshmallow

10: Licorice

11: Butterscotch

12: Nougat

\*(small parts give 1 ration if eaten, large parts will feed the entire party)





The hot chocolate pours around the adventurer. She struggles but the chocolate hardens, locking her limbs into place

"You can work for me, or... well... the alternative is obvious."

She heard what happened to the other adventurers. Sucked into the walls of the Undersweet, devoured by the teeth of sugar geodes, their flesh warping so close to the primordial sweetness.

Maybe the princess is bluffing.

The hot chocolate is up to her mouth. She can't even beg for mercy. She pleads with her eyes, she always had pretty eyes, didn't she? Are they the same shade of blue, or have they become glazed, butterscotch, speckled jawbreakers like all these courtiers?

The chocolate is sucking into her nostrils with each breath she takes, her neck hurts from craning.

The courtier operating the machine looks at the princess, but she just yawns and continues reading her book. The lever stays down, and the chocolate keeps oozing in. Sweet, simious brown tar.

She feels her brain turning to treacle. Cloying, giggly, stupid.

"Are her ears still visible?"

She hears the click of the princess's hard candy heels, or maybe that's her feet.

"When your brain turns to candy, you'll only need 5% of your brain cells to live. I can let you suffocate for awhile before that happens. Or drown. I don't know how hard the chocolate is around your nostrils. Liquid is so invasive and over-stimulating, but on the other hand, hardened chocolate is just a flat surface to breath against, perfect seal, the terror of your respiratory tract completely frozen."



## TRAPS

**Brain Freeze:** Target rolls whatever \* their INT modifier and takes that damage. This trap is made of ice cream power cores connected by taffy tripwires.

**Bloodsugar Spiketrap:** Spikes of deadly sharpened rock candy hidden by soft marshmallow or other appropriate disguises. You become poisoned by hyperglycemia as the ultra-concentrated sugar explodes into your veins. You need to piss more often, you get headaches, thirst, blurry vision, fatigue, nausea. It also really hurts when the spikes stab your feet.

## PRINCESS MOOD TABLE (roll 1d6)

**1-2:** Sad. It rains nectar. Travel is harder.

**3-4:** Salivating. The air is humid. Your ration needs are doubled.

**5:** Anhedonic. The air is foggy as gray cotton candy, and minds are clouded. All perception rolls are at disadvantage, for all entities.

**6:** A rare manic bout of exuberance. The breeze seems full of mad music. Everything is brighter and more saturated.

## PLANAR EFFECTS TABLE

Every day, roll 1d10 + your Sugar Score. If you roll an entry you previously rolled, take the next highest up.

**1-2:** You get a sugar rush. Take advantage on your next roll today.

**3-4:** Something in your inventory turns to a candy version of itself (randomized if easy to do so, or DM's choice).

**5-6:** Your tissues crackle and glitter. Increase Sugar Score by 1.

**7-8:** You NEED to eat something. Take damage every half-hour that passes without finding a big meal.

**9-10:** Part of your body turns to candy (roll to see which part and which sweet) (reroll for redundant body parts).

**11+:** You want so badly to be eaten or eat yourself. Roll to resist. If you fail, you take a nibble. Lose some HP.

## MONSTER STATS

### ASTRAL BEE

 Large Outsider, lawful neutral.  
Defence/Health Medium  
Speed Fast

**Notable Stats** High DEX, Low INT

**Challenge** Low/Medium

**Actions** Medium attack, higher if frenzied or feeling they need to use their sting.

**Info:** Will only attack if your Sugar Score > 2.

Attacks in swarms. Big as a car.

**Loot:** Bug parts, chunks of sweetness, waggle spell diagrams.

### ASTRAL HUMMINGBIRD

 Huge Outsider, true neutral.  
Defence/Health Medium  
Speed Very Fast

**Notable Stats** High DEX

**Challenge** Medium

**Actions** Fast piercing attacks.

**Info:** Will only attack if your Sugar Score > 2. Very fast.

**Loot:** Nectar. With an INT roll, astral mnemonics lead back to its astral nest, where you may find **ASTRAL SPIDER SILK** and **ASTRAL LICHEN**.



### ROCK CANDY OGRE

 Large Giant, chaotic bogo  
Defence/Health High  
Speed Slow

**Notable Stats** High STR/CON, Low INT/CHA  
**Challenge** Low/Medium

**Actions** Ponderous but crushing attack.

**Info:** Wants to crush you!! This one is pretty boring. But they're still an important part of the ecosystem, because they pulverize stuff that isn't sugar yet and make it ooze into the cracks of the world where it is transformed, replenishing vital sugar supplies.

**Loot:** Chunks of sweetness, ogre heart (can be eaten for brief burst of strength).

### JELLO OOZE

 Medium Ooze, unaligned.  
Defence/Health Low/High  
Speed Slow

**Notable Stats** High CON, Low DEX/INT  
**Challenge** Medium

**Actions** Engulfs you, then corrodes you slowly into sugar! Ups your sugar score every round you are being absorbed.

**Info:** You can't breathe... horrible... but very yummy!

**Loot:** Roll on whatever random tables you got!!



## GUMMI WYRM



Gargantuan monstrosity, unaligned.

Defence/Health High

Speed Medium

Notable Stats High STR, Low INT

Challenge High

**Actions** Crashes into stuff and worm style but like... through dunes of sugar!

**Info:** Not as tough as a normal wyrm but still does its best.

**Loot:** One of the Gummi Wyrm's gumball eyes, which grants the power to sense tremors and physical disturbances from a far distance. If eaten, grants its power to the eater for a few days.

## CLOCK DRONES



Medium construct, unaligned

Defence/Health Medium/Low

Speed High

Notable Stats High DEX/WIS, Low CON

Challenge Low

**Actions** Attacks in swarms, probing for irregularities.

**Info:** Hovering automatons used by the queen to perform tiny manipulations to the world, now abandoned and feral. IRL they're small as gnats, in here they're big as pterodactyls!! They have sharp needles and clampers!

**Loot:** They contain tanks of resources like dyes, water, extrudable protein, etc used to build the world long ago.



## SOME CHARACTERS

Sheffield (Cook/Inquisitor): Delights in slowly turning people to candy then serving them to the princess. Might be secretly working for the queen in hopes of being redeemed from exile, in which case she will sabotage the players and try to capture them so they can't stop the extraordinarily fascinating candyfication experiment.

Glatzy (Royal astronomer): Banished to the candy world for discovering a heretical constellation in the shape of a disfavored god. Has a huge telescope of the purest sugar glass. Records whatever she can read in the distant stars of the queen's study. Might have access to various spells, especially with help deciphering them from a scholarly type.

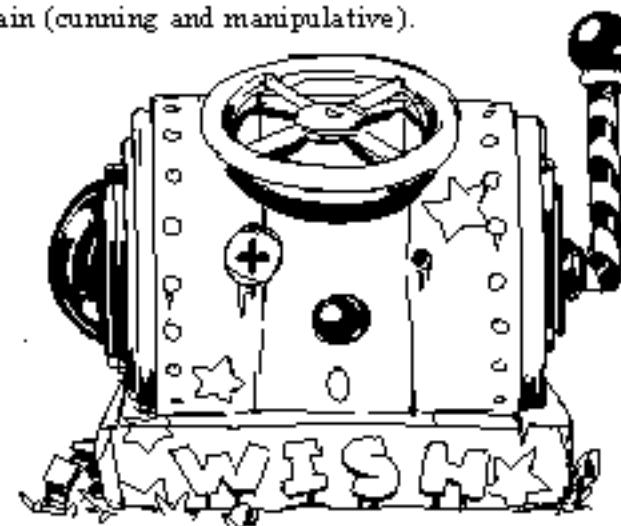
And other scheming advisors...



## WISHING MACHINE

The wishing machine was a gift from the queen. In retrospect, knowing her lack of sentiment, it was probably a way to stir up trouble in her little experiment. It only affects the pocket world, so no loopholes!

If you can re-assemble the wishing machine, you can turn the princess back and maybe get her to reverse the summoning spell. Possible missing parts include: Clown Helix (honks incessantly), Void Filter (attracts scary shit), Clank Clanker (can trigger tectonic disturbances, avalanches, etc), Homunculus Servitor (a little too helpful but very cute), Leather Brain (cunning and manipulative).



**F**ossilized adventurers stare at Medanie from the humid, sugar-sweating walls of the Undersweet. She holds her spear in front of her, ready to skewer any... what does she fear?

Animal, plant, or mineral? Cunning plots or feral howls? Little can be differentiated down here. The Undersweet is alive with everything it has absorbed, refracted through a saccharine prism. Auto-tuned biomass.

Never should have come down here. But up in the palace, as her chocolate-entombed friend blinked helplessly at her from the perilous plinth she was placed upon, it didn't seem optional.

Something slurps inside the crevice cutting across her path. She creeps to the edge. A Jello Ooze, and something inside it, something trying to swim out, but not moving an inch in any direction. Sword turning to candy crystal, long hair plumping to jelly strands. "I won't be stupid like you," Medanie thinks.

She rappels down the side of the yawning pit. This is faster than taking the swirling cliffside paths formed by the slowly churning Undersweet anyway. Suckers!

She makes it about 30 feet before the grappling hook slips from the oozing rock. When she wakes up, the bone protruding from her leg has already crystallized. "These are desperate times," she thinks, nibbling on a bit, just a small bit. For the constitution.

"But this is an unfortunate aspect of my personality, how blithe I am. If I will not feel the pain, I cannot learn from it." She punches her leg. Ow! OW!!!

Learning is bad. Her fist is sticky. In the fever of the Undersweet, it seems like she's reached inside a lover. An exploding, syrup-chunked lover. Where is the infection? Does the leg need to come off? Why, whenever that question is asked, does the leg have to come off? Whatever happened to loyalty? People are chucking their limbs right and left all because some quack in pay to the coroners and body-mongers and so forth says so.

She clutches her thigh as she hobbles along, squeezing it against the pain. So when her thigh starts to feel gelatinous and sticky, she notices the exact transition. It feels like pink under her fingers. But she can't look.

It all makes sense now. The leg is easy to take off, it's like trimming a branch. The thigh is a big messy mass close to all these delicate parts, she can't imagine dealing with it.

 She feels the song of the Undersweet harmonizing with her bones, her hair, glazing her skin. Have to hurry. If she can retrieve the wishing machine part, she'll get turned back. Everything will get turned back. Including the people absorbed into the world. This whole place will be sobbing with blood. It'll be a sloughfest.

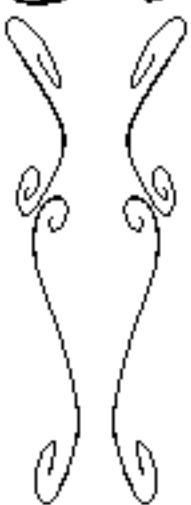
 Don't think. Move. She drops her pack. Don't need rations, her leg will feed her. She sheds her top, it was starting to turn the same material as the top layer of her skin. She scratches, peeling away gummy membrane. No worse than a sunburn.

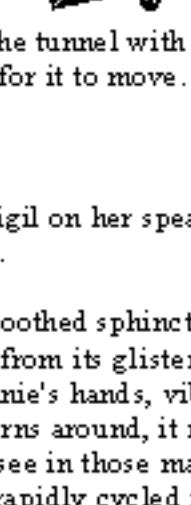
 Into the tunnel. Syrup drips from the ceiling, congealing into mouth-watering stalactites. She's shed nearly everything but her spear. As long as the tunnel keeps sloping, she'll hit the clockwork base of the pocket world. Look through the drone nests, through the waste filters, it has to be there, said the princess. Maybe she told something different to every adventurer, sent one in every direction.

 Medanie hears the tectonic vibrations of the colossal gears, no, she sees them, jiggling the walls, jiggling her flesh.

 I wish I was in past tense, she thinks. Then I could give some accounting of my state of mind and reflect on the grand overarching themes of the universe.

 Something is in the tunnel with her. Hanging like an uvula. She waits for it to move.

 It doesn't move.

 She thumbs the sigil on her spear and illuminates it in a cone of light.

 The peppermint-toothed sphincter grinds, sour worm feelers thrashing from its glistening hole. The spear trembles in Medanie's hands, vibrating the light. So when the thing turns around, it moves like something you'd see in those machines at fairs, a series of images rapidly cycled into animation. A dangling amalgam of grasping arms and legs and eyeless faces, and the lips, so peaceful and hungry.

 The arms carry her along like centipede legs, lips kissing her sweaty skin, eating away her underwear. She sees globules of her sweat and threads of fabric passing through the translucent red licorice throat-coils. The spear falls into the mass, she grabs it, tugs it back from the lazy fingers. Tongues, impossibly long and stretchy, try to slither inside her as she tenses, tries to find the border between her body and the rest of the world.

 As she's carried toward the swallowing, naked center of the amalgam, the spear feels like a question in her hands.

A **candy slut nightmare**  
ad venture zine for your table top  
game!

Modify this for your needs! zero  
"balancing" or "higher thought" went  
into this, it's just a bunch of slutty  
media to be remixed!

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